

There Is: Collection

There is a route,
a route I walk;
it's down the street
and 'round the block.
At a circle I stop,
a loop I go,
it seems I've circled
all the way home.

There's something in the water
something in the air,
makes our bones brittle,
and lose our hair.
Our minds melt like cheese,
our thoughts lose their way,
discipline and practice
have both lost say.
All that was green
will soon and has perished
to modified means:
the Earth's face embarrassed.
There's something in the core,
something in the sea,
Human-kinds existence
may soon be wiped clean.

*Have you ever fought an Octopus?
Went fisty cuffs against two-thousand suction cups?
I did, once,
and let me tell ya--
it was rough.*

There's a story of a girl
who wandered a small, little world
with ear-buds in her ears,
been doing this for years; now,
the sounds of today
she'll never get to hear,
forever stuck on replay
are the "heys!"
and "hellos!"
of Yesterday's walkabout.

There was an old man
who took a sit
in his old chair.
That chair next to him,
now vacant,
his wife once sat there.
The stairs next to him,
outwardly mocking
"good luck climbing!",
where the only bounty
is a good night dreaming.
His dreamscapes are new
filled with color
and hue,
and into the old night
that old man he flew.

Spanish For Rats

Two little Jimmy rats
scurrying down the street,
looking for food,
for something to eat.

One little Jimmy rat
looked down at his feet
and said, "Man, we
haven't eaten for weeks."

"My body is shaking
and I aint diggin' this heat,
I guess to grab the bag,
and face the beat."

Two little Robin Rats,
on their minds cheese and meat,
target fat cats, cheese mats,
and under gold seats.

Never to be captured
two rats a two-man-team,
When one day, one rat
was acting real mean.

"We've been smoking cheese rock
for exactly three weeks,
and we still haven't
found any food to eat!"

"My skin is itchy
and my feet aren't all neat,
and I'm sure you stole
five pieces of cheese!"

He continued to hack
his friend into pieces,
thinking of math, cheese,
and distant beaches.

This one little ol' rat
on his friend he feasted,
thinking of trash, needs,
and different cheeses.